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THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1899.

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## IN A MOUNTAIN FIRE.

A Thrilling Episode of California Life.

BY ADA E. FERRIS.

A mountain fire at night—that was the sight which Louise Elham, a visitor from the prairie states to her uncle's home in California, was regarding with awe and admiration. "Let's ride up and take a nearer view," said her cousin Phil. "You will never see anything like this in Illinois—nor very often here, for that matter. There isn't a bit of danger. Prices go easy and isn't skittish, and we'll just go up on one of the foot-hills where we can see it all. Get your thickest cloak, though, for it's chilly, and you don't want to freeze on one side while you roast on the other."

Nothing loath, Louise ran for her wraps, and very soon they were galloping toward the blazing mountains. How light it was! "It is like my picture of 'The Last Days of Pompeii,'" Louise panted, "only this isn't doing any harm."

A wagon came clattering toward them, and Phil drew up suddenly as he recognized the lady who drove. "Good evening, Mrs. Hastings! Why, you are just as usual, aren't you?" Mrs. Hastings laughed hysterically. "The house was all right when I left, but I don't suppose I shall ever see it again. The sparks were falling in showers, then. Mr. Hastings and his brother insisted on my coming out with the car before the road was blocked by the fire. They said they could go over the eastern ridge by the cattle-trail and out by Wilson's road, if they were delayed too long. Our pretty home—"

She choked, but almost instantly recovered herself, and asking hurriedly, "Is your mother at home? I think I'll drop in on her until the matter is settled," she drove on.

"Po-r Mrs. Hastings!" Louise sighed. A fire starting in one of these places or in any of the others, it is a matter of minutes before the flames are up to the roof, and the whole place is a mass of smoking ruins. Louise looked up at the sky, and saw a few stars peering out from the smoke clouds. "The house was all right when I left, but I don't suppose I shall ever see it again. The sparks were falling in showers, then. Mr. Hastings and his brother insisted on my coming out with the car before the road was blocked by the fire. They said they could go over the eastern ridge by the cattle-trail and out by Wilson's road, if they were delayed too long. Our pretty home—"

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are nearly scared to death with all this heat and rushing and roaring and cracking round you. But you are safe, here. Rocks and water can't burn, for this green stuff, either. Oh, you little scamp!"

She was just in time to catch Johnny as he broke away from Gracie. This time she tore a strip from his apron, tied the restless ankles together, and set him down beside the pool, screaming, but unable to make more trouble.

"There, now! Don't cry, Gracie; I didn't hurt him, and we are safe here. Step close under this tree. Look at Bose lying in the pool. He knows how to make himself comfortable."

The canyon was all ablaze. There wasn't a moment to lose. She rattled the rough door open.

A frightened little face showed itself at the window. "Please don't open the door. We're locked in, and papa and mamma haven't come yet. Ain't it time?"

Louise looked desperately around for an axe to force the door. She could see clearly—it was too light, indeed, with all that ruddy glow from the smoke clouds above. The great dog was watching her suspiciously. "Now don't be angry, boy," she soothed, a little nervously. "We've got to open the door, you know, to get the babies out, or we shall all burn up together."

Bose barked and again flung his whole weight against the flimsy door just as Louise found a light hatchet. She stroked the door furiously. A strong man would have made short work of it, but the girl was neither strong nor skilful, and though it shivered and splintered it held fast for what seemed a terribly long time. At last as she and Bose together threw themselves against it, it crashed in, and the dog bounded across the room to where a little girl about six years old was trying to hush the screams of a brother of three.

The shanty consisted of but one room, with neither floor nor ceiling, and the furniture was of the rudest description. A few relics of better days—"back seat" contrived to hold with the home-made stools and bedstead. Louise gave one glance at a fine, inland stand and a handsome family Bible, but with that terrible half-mile of overgrown wood road to traverse, it was impossible to think of saving anything but the children.

She caught up the chubby youngster. "Come," she said cheerily, "let's go and meet mother."

But the child screamed and fought her vigorously. While she strove to soothe him, the little girl ran to the door, but one look brought her back to clutch Louise's dress.

"The mountains—fire! We—"

## THE YAQUIS A NOBLE RACE

Most Remarkable Tribe of Aborigines Known to History.

MEXICAN TROOPS HAVE THEM AT BAY.



YAQUI HERD.

ATTENTION has again been called by the present hostile attitude of the Yaqui Indians, in the mountain districts of North western Mexico to what is perhaps the most remarkable tribe of aborigines known to history. The Yaquis differ materially from the numerous other tribes inhabiting this section of the globe, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. While thoroughly partaking of the ferocious nature of the Apaches of the American frontier, and entertaining quite as pronounced a hatred for all people of more civilized tastes, they are characterized by a very distinct predilection for intelligent forms of government. But that any restrictions or obligations should be placed upon them by an alien people, such as they have ever been disposed to regard all mankind not of their tribe, they are disposed to consider as unwarranted interference with their hereditary customs, and hence intolerable. The Yaquis have been a constant source of dread to the Mexicans ever since the first attempt at civilizing the northwestern section of the republic, to which movement the former have been most strenuously opposed. Like other North American tribes, they hold that the territory they inhabit is theirs by right of inheritance from their forefathers, and every foot of land that has from time to time been wrested from them has ultimately been paid for by the life blood of the invaders.

During past centuries the Yaquis have been almost incessantly at war with the Spaniards and their Mexican descendants, and by degrees their once powerful tribe has been reduced until at the present day it numbers less than 15,000 members. Of their former broad domain all the possessions that now remain to the Yaquis are a few leagues of land.

The Yaquis as a race claim descent from one of the original seven emigrations from the North, having closely followed the Toltecs of the sixth century or before, who founded their kingdom on the site of Tula, about fifty miles north of the City of Mexico. They claim by tradition an earlier origin than the Aztecs, who built cities and possessed a civilization which was at its height in the time of the first expedition of Cortez. The

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The talk in the papers about surrounding them and starving them is not, for it cannot be done at this season of the year. At this time down there everything is green and verdure is at its best. These Indians live on cactus, on a kind of brown sugar and on parched corn and of this they can find an unlimited amount at this time of the year. It is just as sensible to put a man in a well and talk of killing him by thirst as to talk of starving these Indians now.

Just south of the Yaqui Indians is another tribe which is about as large and which sympathizes largely with the Yaquis. These are the Mayo Indians and they are probably as fine specimens of physical manhood as are to be found on the continent. They are as numerous as the Yaquis, and it is the custom of these Indians to kill all their old men and women long before they would die a natural death, and they prevent the marriage of either a man or a woman of the tribe

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A YAQUI HERD.

Sierra Madre, lies a territory that is theirs by right of their exclusive ability to penetrate and when necessary to inhabit it. This is the war home of the Yaquis. Here in the conflicts of late years they have proved invincible, unconquerable. It is a country of rugged mountain steeples, of deep, furnace-like defiles and desolate, sweltering mesa lands—a country inaccessible, intolerable to any thing human save only the Yaquis. Such is the stronghold in which this race of fighters is entrenched to-day. The Yaquis derive their name from their peculiar habit of loud talking their verbal designation Yaqui meaning, "He who shouts." The Yaqui or Huastec, is one of the chief rivers of Mexico, being about 400 miles long, and is formed of several streams, which rise close to the American boundary in the Sierra Madre mountains. The Yaqui has its outlet in the Gulf of California, about twenty-five miles southeast of Guaymas, the principal Mexican seaport of the Gulf. The State of Sonora has an area of about 71,000 square miles, or near 25,000 miles more than New York, and a population of about 155,000. The assessed value of the property is about \$7,500,000. It consists of



YAQUI HOUSE, SHOWING UTENSILS.

mines, cotton weaving, etc. pottery, cattle ranches and other branches of pastoral industry. T valley of the Yaqui, which is the me of the present disturbances, arising to American scientists and explorers embraces about 12,000 square miles. It is one of the most picturesque parts of Mexico.

front the family squatted, cooked and lived. Mere justice demands that I should say I found nothing but cleanliness about their homes, persons and surroundings, and the high opinion which I then formed of their general intelligence, great bravery and intrinsic worth still remains unchanged. They are not savages.

Mexican Government has announced a policy of extermination against these Indians. The present uprising is the sixth in their history. The Indians revolted against Spain in 1735. The Hidalgoes were worsted in battle, but they made up for their failure in arms by their artful duplicity. The Yaquis revolted again in 1825, and again in 1832, against Mexico, when, armed with bows, battle axes and spears, and led by their celebrated chieftain, Banderas, they made it lively for the Government troops, but were finally overpowered. They made another attempt in 1841, and defended their mountain fastnesses with Spartan valor, and for years held the Government at bay. Order was restored by a compromise. The conflict this time will be to the death. In their ten years' war the Yaquis were still using almost wholly their primitive weapons. To-day they are well armed.

The Yaquis are fine people, and rather deserve encouragement than annihilation, writes an American officer who recently visited their country. They are the remnants of a brave and partly civilized people whom the Spaniards found in Mexico. They have never been conquered, and have never forgiven their Spanish enemies nor their descendants. Their military organization is almost perfect, and consists of companies, regiments and divisions.

The wife of our chief blushed with pleasure as one of our number lunged about her neck a string of blue beads as a parting gift. She was truly worthy of our admiration. So was the grin on the face of her youngster as he began to realize what sweetness was concealed in a lump of maple sugar which we gave him. Their huts were our homes, the doors of which would always have been open to us had there been any. At the back end of each were two tiers of bunks for sleeping purposes; in the

How to Boil Money. A well-known chemical expert in England recently boiled a sixpence and watched it dissolve and pass away in the form of vapor, just as anyone might do with a pot of water. While he was doing it he declared that any substance on earth might be boiled and made to become vapor, if only you had great heat enough to do it, not excepting granite rock.

In boiling the sixpence it was cut up into small pieces, which were placed in the hollow carbon of an electric arc lamp. Anyone who has examined the discarded carbons of an arc lamp will have noticed that one of the carbons is always pointed, while the other carbon has a small cuplike hole in the end.

When the lamp is lighted the carbons stand one above the other, the sharp point of one carbon fitting into the "cup" of the other. It was in this little cup that the sixpence was boiled. Probably it was the smallest pot and the hottest fire in the world. He placed the pieces of coin in the hollow end of one carbon and fixed the other pointed carbon down against them. Then he turned on the electric current.

He had arranged the apparatus in front of a magic lantern, so that the whole thing could be seen on a large white screen. The carbons, the coin, and in fact everything could be viewed plainly. Of course, the electric current passing between the carbons made them very hot, and the cup soon became filled with a white heat. It was wonderful to see how quickly the silver melted and slithered, and finally boiled.

Davaria, with a population of 5,318,500, spends \$84,000,000 a year on beer.

Coruna in Spain claims to have the oldest lighthouse in existence.